

BE BRAVE BOLD ROBOT

1. APR. 03

Hello, and thank you for picking up a copy of this here bundle of paper with words and images on it. I, Dean, have put it together, with the help of many others, on many levels, and it basically serves the purpose of passing time. It often forward laterals it. If you feel the desire to comment about said paper bundle, contribute to future bundles like it, or just get something off of your chest, email deanhaakenson@yahoo.com. Be brave and please do have a nice day. - Management

in a conversation 2 men spoke:

sacrifice your saviour.

the simplicity i've found is
happiness,

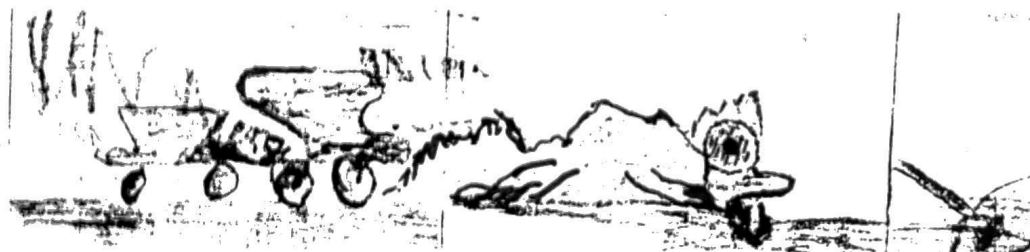
change the we to I,

and I the complication is in the
attempt of catolouge.

come again?..

yes.

mistakes



ED, by Dean Haakenson
deanhaakenson@yahoo.com

girls have preferences.

boys have options.



Ed Travell was dreaming. Now, there are lucid dreams, where we can control what's going on (even though we may not know it), which appear to the dreamer to be very real and lifelike and fool us into thinking that our lives have turned out how we imagined. Ed was two leagues above lucid. Ed was dreaming in Technicolor. Maybe it was the brussel sprouts he had for dinner. Maybe it was Ed's vigorous autoerotica session with the macy's catalog before bed. Maybe it was time. But whatever it was, to Ed, it was real. Very real. His dream went something like this (of course, I'm paraphrasing, because some of it was frankly quite boring and we all know it's pretty damned hard to explain dreams anyway):

Ed was little...playing with what he remembered to be his childhood things...and listening to mommy and daddy fight in bitter screeching tones. Then approached a glowing light from the center of everything and blessed Ed with gifts. The gift of song and the gift of terrible insight. Ed knew this and knew exactly how to use it in the confines of the socioeconomic structure that he was issued. The dream goes now to sophomore year high school and the overall adoration of Ed, intimately and from afar, as he says all the right things to all the right people and finds himself with a recording contract with a local recording label. Images of enthralled listening crowds, Ed singing all the right words that everybody knew they wanted to hear. Ed buying the things he wants and travelling to places where people may not speak his language, but they can sing his songs. Ed sees on the faces of every man he encounters, the longing to know him and a silent desire to get him out of the way...take his place on the stage. In women, he sees flirts and curving bodies with contrived personalities. He does not want the sex, but knows that it is his for the taking. Ed feels fame in all it's glory.

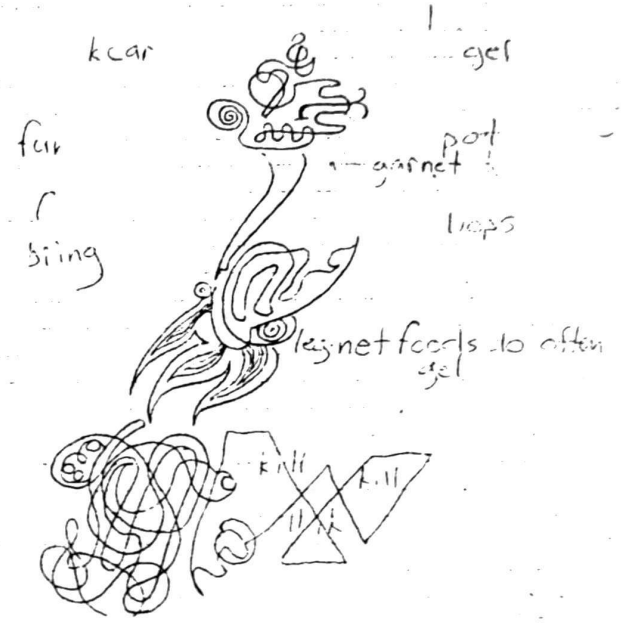
(I switched to present tense somewhere in there to illustrate that ED was living his dream and not merely dreaming it. I will switch to past tense again and you will feel the time warp and we will soon again be in our little cave with the small fire and the flashlight on my chin. Have no fear.)

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-cont'd Pg.3

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A Brainstorm of many Palindromes - Joss Lucio



breathing thing.

i think i'm working too hard at this

Ed is Fame. He is a genius. He figures out he can write....and does and gets published and wins the Pulitzer....and makes so much viable music that he becomes an influence for the people that strongly influence the people we consider to be our favorite musicians. Ed has it all....and then he gets old.

Ed woke up old....but rejuvenated. He now thought himself famous....accomplished. A man that could die and live with it. He looked around his squalid apartment and, although not necessarily indicative of a rich and famous man, felt as though he belonged there. "Yes, I am a minimalist....clutter is excess butter...ha ha....right!" he said to himself as he wiggled out of bed and pranced to the bathroom where he started the shower water running in the bathtub and started to sing a song. Ed travell had never before sang a song. He sang in perfect pitch and held sustained notes that made the wallpaper cry (peel). The wallpaper did this anyway but never parallel to the ground and with such a natural rounding curve. This series of noises that Ed was making caused his next door neighbor, a phobic recluse whom Ed had never spoken to before, to bang on the wall and eerily cry "Mr. Travell?!!...Mr. Travell?!!...ARE YOU DYING?!!"

"NO, no, no, Kind sir. I am merely happy to be awake and happy to say Happy Happy Day to you!" said Ed with sweeping grandeur.

"Oh....shut up then, will ya?"

"very well then! So sorry!"

So Ed had no idea what he was doing. He knew who his parents were, what his body looked like, the hazy details of imaginary high school years. He had this gut feeling that everybody had heard his name before, and had probably seen images of his younger self. He knew not why he was in this rickety hovel with two changes of clothing (at least they were suits....old suits....but suits), or who had just banged on his wall, and why he sounded scared. But, he knew he was Ed, and he felt his mouth muscles strain as he smiled. He put on his old beat up sneakers and walked out the door.

Ed

A bit about pre-snap Ed

Like a frightened baby kitten, Ed came out of his mama's tummy not making a sound. He was born big. 10 pounds exactly....gangly, bald, and quiet. He stayed that way for five years. Actually he spoke occasionally starting when he was six months old. He would say "mama" and point to things that he wanted her attention directed to. Ed was very intelligent. At the age of five and from then on, Ed did not speak much, causing him to be ridiculed and made fun of up through high school. And when he did speak, he spoke in such a tone that everything he said seemed exaggerated and naive....like a personified british stereotype. He even used British slang,

which might be attributed to the british radio he listened to.

Ed avoided interaction with the people in his universe as much as he could. He graduated high school and started a paper route where he would talk to no one and read the evening away. Funny thing was, Ed was never afraid. Maybe he was always just too busy to be bothered. Weaving theories with his time. Ed only spoke when spoken to, and sometimes didn't even do that. Then, when Ed was the ripe old age of 19, living at home and starting to smile more, his parents died.

Ed's parents loved Ed and protected him and would probably have let him live with them indefinitely. They didn't exactly make much dialogue with him after they found out that wasn't his bag and Ed never really relied on his parents for fulfillment or even instruction, but they were really all that each other had. So when they died, Ed began to talk to his dead parents....a lot. He could not escape the regret he felt at not having spoken too them when they were alive. His dialogue was not boisterous, it was mostly under his breath, and he was even able to separate the ghosts from his reality. He assumed the roles of his mom and dad, and told them all the things he couldn't tell anybody else....which was everything.

Ed kept various odd jobs his entire life. In New York, where Ed was born, he was a bus boy, a cum scrubber, a short order cook, even a bus driver (without a driver's license....which I guess was not that uncommon in that day).

legs bend and drift away,

- cont'd Pg. 6

I want to build a tree, planting one is boring, I hate the wait. Maybe I should respect nature and the time it takes with everything but I don't right now, sorry, not that you cared. Then again why should you. I don't even care. But there I go again. Probably noting doctor he just lost his head. That that that Someone sang about paper roses the idea was good, the presentation sucked. Some day I'll get to a point, don't wait around, I'm not. (brief pause) Deep breath and he starts it all again. The reader becomes bored the writer understands, yet does nothing about it. Now thats does take balls. Still he, ding the bell sounded so I started a new line, don't look away you might miss something coming up. The song just ended, can you tell. A new one just came on. The skin rolls in on itself, the back is stretched. Arms are heavy don't think about it you can't change a fact, just reword it. It somatic; adj. of the body, as distinguished from a bodily part, the mind, or the environment; physical. jello will one day replace the brain its not crazy, the both put out the same waves, mabey he is crazy. You should stop reading any new idea could kill you, it (pause) sorry had to change the C.D. the music did get a bit more anoying at the end but that was his thing. He is right ya know every word its all true. ...is true I think I read it some where. The word friends is printed in big letters they're orange and behind them is a black block . It really isn't that bad . Please turn off the machine it ~~hass~~ hurts his ears. Publicity made him famous I don't think it killed him he did that. They all go to the same place, how odd. Hold it you almost got him now quick say something (check the spelling) witty. Remember when I said to not look away so you would not miss anything sorry I lied.

-li(-s)-pen
 stuhl(-e)-ch.
 tisch(-e)-table
 er Mantel(-)-trench
 er pullover, der pulli(-
 der Rock(-e)-skirt
 der Schuh(-e)-shoe
 der Tag(-e)-day
 der Monat(-e)-mo
 Montag-Mond
 Dienstag--



see now I feel much better.

WINE SAUCES FOR MEAT, POULTRY, FISH

ANCHOVY SAUCE

- 1 cup butter
- 1 tablespoon anchovy paste
- ½ cup sherry

Melt butter and stir in paste as it melts. Add sherry gradually and heat to boiling. Simmer 5 minutes. Serve with veal or pork chops. Makes 1 cup.

Or add 1 tablespoon of parsley or chives finely chopped.

BÉARNAISE SAUCE

- 3 egg yolks
- Salt and pepper
- ½ cup white wine
- ½ cup tarragon vinegar
- 2 shallots, chopped
- ¼ cup butter
- 1 teaspoon chopped pimiento

Beat egg yolks and season with salt and pepper. Combine wine, vinegar and shallots and simmer until reduced to ⅓. Pour hot wine mixture slowly over eggs, stirring constantly. Beat in butter gradually. Strain and reheat in double boiler, stirring constantly, until thickened. Remove at once from heat and add pimiento. Makes 1¼ cups.

BERCY SAUCE

- 1½ cups white wine
- 3 shallots, chopped
- ¼ cup butter, melted
- 1 teaspoon minced parsley
- 1½ teaspoons lemon juice
- Salt and pepper

Heat wine, add shallots and simmer 10 minutes. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Makes 1½ cups.

BONNEFOY SAUCE

- 2 tablespoons minced shallots
- 2 peppercorns, crushed
- 4 thyme leaves, minced
- Small piece bay leaf
- 1 cup white wine
- 1 cup cream or Béchamel Sauce
- ¼ teaspoon salt, Dash pepper
- 1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar

Add shallots, peppercorns, thyme and bay leaf to wine. Cook down to about ½ cup. Add cream or Béchamel sauce, heat to boiling and simmer 5 minutes. Strain and season with salt and pepper. Add tarragon vinegar. Serve with broiled or poached fish. Makes 1½ cups.

BOILED BEEF SAUCE

- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
 - 2 shallots, chopped
 - 1 clove garlic, minced
 - 2 tablespoons butter
 - Salt and pepper
 - 1 tablespoon beef stock
 - 1 cup dry white wine
 - 1 teaspoon minced parsley
- Sauté onion, shallots and garlic in butter. Add remaining ingredients and simmer 5 minutes. Use sauce for heating slices of cold boiled beef. Makes 1 cup.

BORDELAISE SAUCE

- 2 shallots, minced
 - 1 cup claret
 - ¼ teaspoon thyme
 - 2 peppercorns
 - ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
 - 1 cup seasoned beef broth
 - 3 tablespoons softened butter
- Combine all ingredients except broth and butter and cook down to ½. Add broth and simmer 10 minutes. Beat in butter. Serve on steaks. Makes 1¾ cups.

*The name of the sauce
is Bonnefoy;
Its generous use will
bring you joy*

Despite the rhetoric of constant mentality or the jacket called normal that shelters my limbs. Despite the stares into her eyes or the tone that I seem to feed from. Despite the purity of homeless children, the whistle of the wind, the smells in the subway, the echoes of my chambers, the time that seems timeless, the roads, the paths, the nods, shakes, blinks and others. Despite the music.

I make them sad. I have built and built. Worked and worked. Tried? Have I tried? Am I trying? No. But that is not the purpose of these ramblings. That is not why I write, you write, we write.

Ed

He never stayed too long at a job, never really made friends, did his jobs well, and every night, went home to his parents old house via subway and painted. His paintings were never really intricate or detailed, but always blended colors in the most extraordinary way. I wonder what an art critic would have said of Ed's Purple, burgandey, red, orange, to yellow to green sunset.

So Ed worked and lived alone and held minimal relationships with few people. He never spoke much, regarded people as he would regard story characters, and because of this, probably ended up more economically successful than any one of us. We buy beer, we buy each other sushi, Ed bought canned tuna and brown rice. He rarely got sick, not once went to the hospital, and put all the money he earned into a savings account his parents had opened for him when he was seventeen. Ed muttered, interest grew, and the business district crept into Ed's corner of the neighborhood. On his 30th birthday, Ed was offered a decent sum of money for that old house, and he decided it was time to move on. One night, he put all his paintings in the living room, packed mom and dad and his toothbrush, lit a match, and watched from down the street as ghostly freedom riders made their way

heavenward on heat waves of memory. Ed bought a one-way ticket to San Francisco and never looked back.

In Frisco, Ed followed the same routine. He got a very inexpensive flat, with a bed already in it. Morning sunshine filled the room and this made Ed happy. He quickly procured a job as a janitor at a radio station and there, fell in love. Oh, one could be skeptical that this robotically unloving Ed character, whom never needed anyone before, could so easily just have fallen into the clutches of Lust...for Ed was still very much a virgin and Hormones are predictable even in the crazy. But nay, and I stand by my opinion, that Ed had been completely and utterly void of human touch for so long that he needed a hug. A big long sentimentally sloppy wet hug.

over →



The object of his affection was a hot dog vendor outside the radio station where he lay his mop. She had mostly gray hair, magic eyes that smiled on everything she looked at. From the first time Ed saw her, he could not ignore this distraction. When in her presence, he would be completely aware of her the entire time, which is a mode of thought that had gone inexperienced by Ed up until then...and it scared him. You or I may look upon this fear as "nerves", perhaps uncertainty in the face of impending rejection, but to Ed, it was much more serious. He was completely alive and connected for the first time. So after weeks of crunching curiosity and neglected talks with his dead parents, Ed finally approached our wayward wiener woman.

The sun peaked through a break in the clouds and lighted upon her gray mop, which now resembled virgin silver taken from mountain top mines. Ed walked up to the small crowd that was gathered around the shiny hot dog counter on wheels, and (almost as if it was orchestrated) they all slowly parted so that Ed was in direct line of sight of his target. She turned her gaze from a patron receiving her change to Ed as he still approached, unheeded. Ed was tall and thin, like the day he was born. His hands were worked and callused, yet manicured and clean. He always wore workers slacks and button up shirts (often plaid) and sneakers (the all-purpose shoe) He was always clean shaven and his eyes-wide and innocent. Ed's hair was grey and curly. Shoulder length and buoyant like a modern day Hercules. He used pert, like his mom. Mrs. Hot dog lady was attracted to Ed's hair. He stopped centimeters from the side of the cart that she was not on. She was on the other side and she was fully aware of his presence. If she could have seen his pants, she would have seen the wet spot appearing as Ed slowly peed. If she were a canine, she would have smelled the ammonia. But she was taken and looked deeply and flirtatiously

into the hazel of Ed's eyes. Ed stared right on back, and his heart stopped. He could no longer think. He could no longer move. He desired nothing more than to be the ghost that walked backward two feet in front of her for the rest of her life.

Jera (aka Jara, Ger) ~ Harvest

This rune symbolizes the time when you can reap rewards for your actions.



"Hi. What can I do for you?" She softly said in a sexy voice.

"mmmmmmmm....." Muttered Ed to the Grey fox as his expression and his confidence went quickly down the tubes. He was speechless and then shortly embarrassed and slowly turned and left his place in the sun, never to return again.

"what was that honey?.....hey...uh...." She said to the quirky man as he walked away. She shortly forgot about him and got hit on by the next middle-aged man that approached five minutes later. They now live in Daly City and have sex a lot.

So Ed was heartbroken and lost and went to the bathroom in the radio station building to do some mopping and get back into the routine that never let him down. He started up a conversation with his parents while mopping and although his voice was low, the acoustics in the bathroom carried the dialogue to a certain radio personality, who was, at that very moment, in the stall, pushing out a chocolate bar. He asked Ed to come with him to the radio booth and do the dialogue in the microphone. Ed had no concept of acting so he simply disregarded the present company and resumed his conversation with his parents. Laughter ensued. Ed wiggled out and left. This was Ed's only brush with the entertainment industry and it left a sour taste in his mouth...like horseradish... mistaken for sauerkraut. He was shortly fired, I know not why, and got another job as a cum scrubber at a peep show, where his work hour gyrations took on visceral mutations due to the images in his mind of the grey angel that had stolen his heart. Ed stayed at the same tired apartment for the next 25 years, continuing to work non-speaking jobs and live his disconnected lifestyle. He knew no one. To the people he worked with, Ed was nothing more than a ghost; better left alone, but interesting to look at. His dreams were solitary and solipsistic. He was alone, but knew no better.

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Hey, did I ever tell you about the time I stepped on that phesant in the flood plain?

no.

Oh, one time I stepped on a phaesant, down in the flood plain.

is that the whole story?

Yep.

I like it.

if your gonna make a ditch you have to first make a mountain.
hill.



He sat in the computer,
staring at the screen. He had
been this way, in this chair for
what seemed like the last three
hours. Truth was, it had been more
like three days. Time flies when
you give it wings. It seemed for
our young hero, high school life had
become ever increasingly
confusing.

One day, happy and content,

this devil, for too long to be anything but all.

When he walked, he did so briskly, though, in a
position akin to the way a robot might walk.

and now that I think about it...

with the exception of those in the movies, he had
never seen a robot walk.

art by Alice Kilcayne, with a little help from her daddy
words by Dean Haekensau

I love you as I have
never loved another
woman.

because you eat that
icecream cone so forcefully
yet so tenderly.

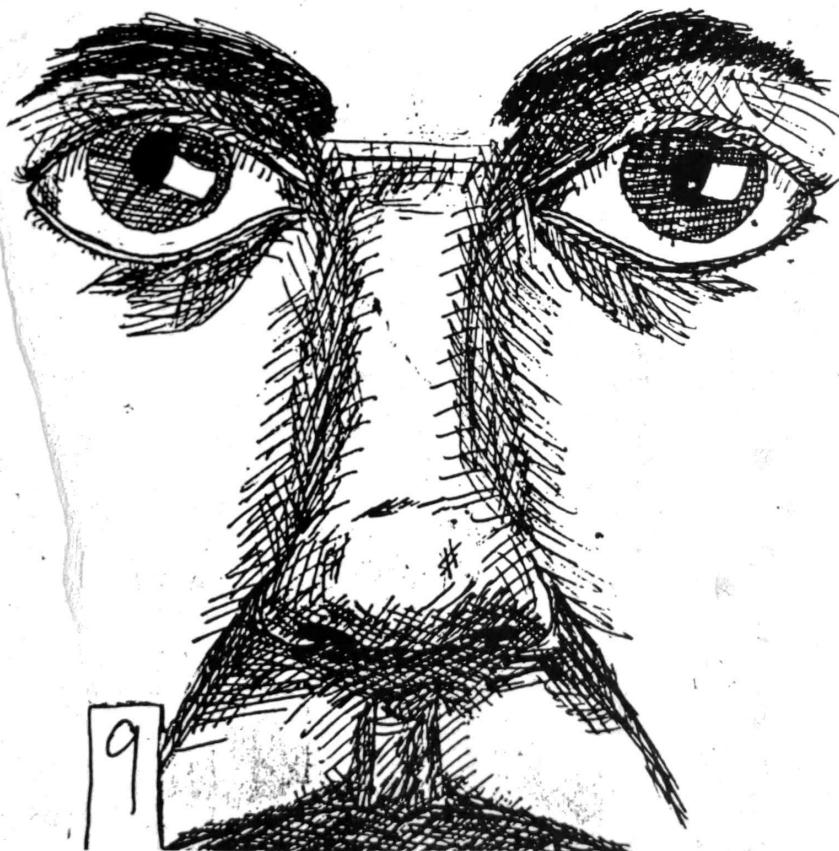
will you be my avon queen
will you subdue me with
your cat like tendancies.

...

will you stop driving so fast
my car can't catch up
with yours.

SM

9



PLEA

**"I pledge allegiance to my
Flag and the Republic for
which it stands- one nation
indivisible-with liberty and
justice for all."**

A chain e-mail currently making the rounds:

At a time when our young men and women are fighting to defend our cherished freedoms in a foreign land, it is time we at home do what we can to protect those freedoms. I urge you to that by signing a petition for a constitutional amendment to protect our Pledge of Allegiance and national motto. I have already signed. We currently have over 1.6 million others who have signed. Our goal is 10 million. The time is right for us to make our voices heard. Go to www.wepledge.com

24 March 2003

Well, how easily we slip into the frenzy... The mere mention of our soldiers and sailors—indeed, our sons and daughters—in harm's way drives the public opinions in odd directions. We worry and we suffer disorientation, and because of this condition, the citizenry is vulnerable. In war time, the populace's weakened clarity and vision of its direction fosters uncertainty. And this lack of focus allows factions interested in disrupting or radically changing traditional American culture to come out of the woodwork. Sometimes, they are secular groups. Sometimes, they are religious ones. They become vocal, and expound as in the aforementioned "call to arms".

- cont'd Pg 12

PLACEMENT

I feel life has taken a big turn ever since the events on the WTC towers and the Pentagon. Sure, there are some OBVIOUS changes, (most notably the American flags being flown and sold everywhere) but i feel as if our society is going in a different direction.

I think several people's religious beliefs have been altered. Some people's faith have grown stronger, while some are starting to question and further themselves from their religious faith (i.e. let's say someone's husband or wife dies in the WTC attacks and the person who lost a loved one is starting to ask "Why did god let this happen?"). This doesn't just apply to your everyday Christian, but it can also apply to Jews, Hindus, or any other faith (including Atheism and Agnostics). If you have seen the movie "Signs", you might get my drift on this issue.

The media seems to have been covering terrorism quite a bit lately as well (with all the "AMERICA ON WATCH" headlines and CODE ORANGE warnings that seem to be on a lot.) I see 9/11 in a way that some saw Columbine. Lots of poor schools in America have had drive-bys and shoot ups, but all of a sudden it happens in middle America, and now it's a tragedy. Likewise, there are frequent bombings in war-torn countries like Afghanistan for example, but now the World Trade Center towers are destroyed and about 5000 people died.

→ overtwisted

10

What about the thousands of children in Africa who die of starvation and bad water?

Part of myself believes our society may have been going in a "1984" George Orwellian esque direction. Let's look at the 3 slogans of "1984" and how they apply to post 9/11 America:

WAR IS PEACE: Ever since 9/11, "President" Bush is now starting this whole "War on Terrorism" campaign and is trying to convince America that War in Iraq is nessecary because he believes that Saddam Hussain has ties with the WTC attacks, and he also is saying that we must kill innocent people in the name of homeland security. All of the Presidents of the US have been Christians (Bush moreso than the rest). Did i mention that the Christian saying "turn the other cheek" has been altered to "pick up the rifle?"

FREEDOM IS SLAVERY: Because 9/11 happened, the Bush administration has been trying to track down possible threats to "the American way" and trying to eliminate them. Especially John Ashcroft and his attempt to make workers (i.e. postmen, TV repairmen, electric workers, and other workers that come by our houses) spy on their fellow citizens to spot possible terrorist threats. It also

seems that America is having it's "two minutes of hate" with Usama Bin Laden, Saddam Hussain (who i view as a Goldstein), and other Middle eastern terrorists.

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH: This applies to the makeshift patriots who treat Uncle Sam like their favorite pro-wrestler and America like their favorite football team. Much like the Columbine shooting of 1999, it seems like the government has been tracking down anybody who is like the culprits of those incidents. There are numerous internet cartoons that insult people who are muslim and/or Middle eastern in origin. Now Bush has been praising those who blindly put American flags on everything (i.e. calculators, computers, houses, garage doors, cars, SUVs, the list goes on and on). It also seems that America's enemy is anybody who has a different POV than the average American.

well, as Eric of the Dismemberment Plan says "It's some crazy times out there in the world now, stay informed."

Thank you for taking your time to read my views and opinions.

David Rodrigues, age 15
badhaircut87@hotmail.com

on the lid of the toilet,
a stack of penthouse & playboy
topped by tom clancey
novels. nicely offset by
the reader's digests but the prize
is the highlighter nestled between
all.

Investment Fraud? Suspicious Securities?
Problems with a Mortgage Loan Company?
Call Dean Haakenson (916) 322-6055

flew across America, for a gun show.

The Pledge of Allegiance of the Eisenhower administration, with its supernatural reference, is, because of that reference, quite different from the original document(<http://www.usflag.org/the.pledge.of.allegiance.html>).

The duty of the American citizen is, indeed, to protect our tradition. We all should ensure that American cultural memes remain intact. The legacy of Francis Bellamy, author of the Pledge, is under attack by those who not only supported the original alteration, but would wish to defile this symbol of the commitment to our country further, for alternate means, and contrary to one of the major themes contained within the Constitution—the separation of church and state. Regardless of the context in which any of us chooses to worship, and despite the depth of our faiths, let us not allow those who wish to undermine the concept of our country do so by ruining its collective culture, tenet by tenet.

This type of subversion—furthering parochial objectives by cracking countries' foundations—is what oppressive zealots use to work the world over. Imagine the regimes of the Ayatollah Khomeini, the Taliban, and others like them, and you will picture nations where governments of alliances have become religious oligarchies. Those wielding power there are of the belief that the manner in which their governments operate is holy. And yet those are regimes where tremendous numbers of people suffer...

Let us keep the sentiment of this testament to our patriotism exactly where it was intended to lie—with our nation itself. To do anything else would be heresy against the Founding Fathers. The system that they envisioned works more efficiently than any in history and for the greatest good of its constituent supporters.

A secular government does not work in opposition to a nation dotted by temples, churches, cathedrals, and synagogues. My patriotic brethren, you need not relinquish your religion, if pious you be. I ask that you be steadfast in defending the Constitution to preserve its integrity and ensure your ability to

practice your personal religion. One of the most critical and important ideal of America is its citizens' unity apart from their faiths and in spite of divisions inherent to their spiritual goals. Our nation's *law* is its "higher power". It is our supreme and sacred pact with ourselves. It is a set of rules by which we all can live in light of our differences—secular or otherwise.

Many attempt to argue that the concepts realized in the Constitution are Christian ones, manifested by Christian colonists, and that the United States is, thereby, a "Christian" nation. I argue that any rational mind would acknowledge that the ideas of safety, unity, respect, humanity, encouragement, democracy, fidelity, and freedom are essential elements of innumerable human communities—regardless of religion. They transcend religion—spawn it, even—and, with few exceptions, they have been shared by people since time immemorial.

My plea is that, should you feel the unstoppable need to promote an amendment to the Constitution, you do so to ensure that the Pledge of Allegiance is reverted to and preserved in its original form. It is an elementary and humble, yet powerful, prosaic handful of syllables. Its sanctity is revealed in its singular meaning, that the entity that it praises is our union, and nothing more. Our country is shared by all of us, but our spiritual directions are not. In other words, your country is mine, but your religion is not necessarily. Why would you be so insistent that it should be?

The United States of America should mean more to all of us than anything else—our possessions, our hobbies, our music, our religions, even our family members. If we had no country, we would have only shadows of these. It has allowed us our achievements and fostered our accomplishments. It protects us and punishes us. If any of us were we to lose all else, were that individual to be orphaned here, *anywhere* in these United States, she would still find a corner in it in which to reside and flourish. Our systems provide sanctuaries for those who want and work for them. The most astounding measures of critical thought and the most glorious examples of piety can happen here. Our country allows us to make it what it is, and it subsequently allows us to make us what we are.

12 OVER
PLEA

"Fucking idiot bums...vagabond fuckers....get a fucking job..." ranted a smelly old black man with lightning hair, as he ascended the stairs.

"Hello kind sir!!! Would you happen to have the time?" asked Ed in passing. The man, whose name was also Ed and had lived two doors down from Mr. Travell for the 16 years preceding, sort of stopped in awe, not expecting Ed to say anything. He had never held a

conversation with Ed and it looked as though he wasn't going to start now. He looked at his watch and told Ed it was 9:33. Ed thanked him with a demure headnod and walked on down the hall.

"Will wonders never cease....motherfuckers..." said brown Ed with a chuckle as he continued on his way.

Ed kicked open the door to his apartment building with the biggest shit eating grin on his face that skateboard amateur Joe duvies had ever seen. Joe looked up the stairs from where he was sitting, near the sidewalk, and remarked in exasperation "oohh shit!" Ed stepped slowly, with confident bounce, towards the sun, to Joe's side, tousled his hair in a motherly fashion and walked on down the hall (sidewalk). Ed had no idea where he was going. He had no idea where he had been. And for the first time in his life, he was happy with this. Ed walked a few miles to Golden Gate Park and stayed there until sundown, when and where he would meet his mom and dad, unbeknownst to him.

Ed skipped along, in shuffle fashion, by the bye and bye and the kids playing Frisbee. Their Frisbee went loose and settled near Ed. He picked it up, and threw it back to the kid it had gotten away from. The kid waved. Ed smiled and continued walking. From the direction of the field and the kids he was walking away from, Ed heard a yelling and people approaching. "Hey guy....uhhh...Mister!!!..." Ed stopped and turned around with a curious smile.

"Yes? Hello."

"Sorry to bother you..." Said the male counterpart of the out of breath couple. "but are you Ed Travell?"...they smiled in hippie fashion and looked at one another and then back at Ed.

"Why yes...yes I am. Why do you ask?" said Ed knowingly. Knowing that he was the illustrious Ed travell and that these people wanted to know him. They were a beautiful couple. He, six feet and healthy...with short wild hair. Her, a little shorter with a model's body. No make up, no muss, just two regular kids (early twenties) who enjoyed life as Ed thought it should be enjoyed.

"We just want to uhhh, take you out to dinner, maybe...if you're not busy that is."

"wow...well thank you...I'm not busy at all. I would love to."

"all right" said the starstruck young lady.

"let's go..." said her confidant man. And the three proceeded to make their way out of the park by soft street lamplight....

PLEA

More than any other influential force in our lives, we owe our nation thanks for allowing us this freedom. Please, please, my friends, make sure that you know and learn from your history before you get on the wrong bandwagon.

By the way, if a motto exists for this country, it is not "In God We Trust", but rather, "E Pluribus Unum" (Out of Many--One).

Thank you,
Aron Tomassi

13

Q♥Q



I taught an elephant to rhyme
yesterday.

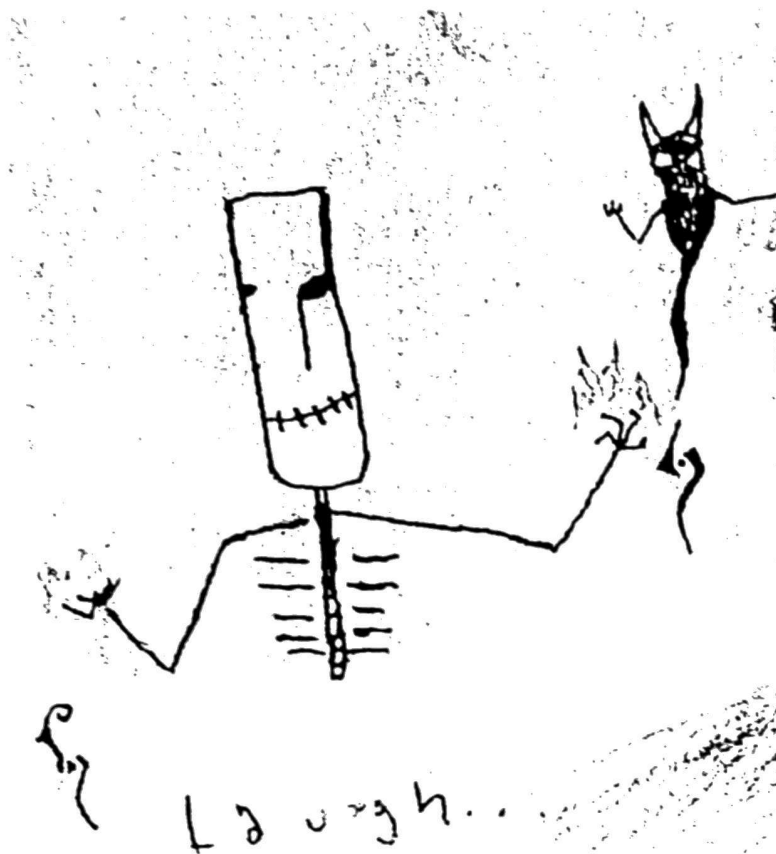
gimme a peanut
and
go fuck yourself

well when he said it
they rhymed

elephants are funny

All opinions, expressed or inferred, are just that; Opinions...thrust from the author's hold, to survive for as long as they can. Let them die or let them live, the choice is yours.
(dreamthoughtknifegluecrayonriskbitte) DAH

pimp of the month: Scott Moore (quill rider)



J. KASHUBA